

[Verse 1:]

You've been
Missin'
Out out on all the chances you've been given
Is it something
Within
Holding you back instead of living

Your day is coming though it seems far
Things will be clear when you love who you are
Nothin' can stop you as long as you listen to your heart

[Chorus:]

Lift your head to the sky
And keep tryin'
Believe in u
And it will take you higher

[Verse 2:]

You have
Sorrows
Everywhere you turn they seem to follow
If you
Let go
Happiness will come to you tomorrow

Your day is coming though it seems far
Things will be clear when you love who you are
Nothin' can stop you as long as you listen to your heart

[Chorus:]

Lift your head to the sky
And keep tryin'
Believe in u
And it will take you higher

[Chorus: Allen Iverson sample]

We just talkin' about practice...

We sittin' here, I'se supposed to be the franchise player

And we in here talkin' about practice...

I mean, listen, we talkin' about practice...

Not a game, not a game, not a game; we talkin' about practice!

Not a game, not a, not, not the game that I go out there and die for...

[Verse 1: J-Live]

Yo, I heard those who can't, teach, well f*** it

I guess class dismissed, I can't teach you s***

I've been doin this for years, man, my rep is legit

It's like a mic is a cancer-stick, I can't quit

But I can kick that measuring stick to

Let you know real quick whether you can or can't spit

And from the sound of it, you on a stage

Is like a square in a triangle hole: it don't fit

I mean, the whole way you tryin to hold the mic

I ain't tryin to be a smart aleck, but you sound like a dick

It shouldn't be so phallic, you wanna be hard

But you can't come correct, I would've showed you how it's done

If you showed some respect, instead what you doin is

Showin you're new in this; why you pursuin this

Skill trade and tryin to get paid and laid?

Before the groupies and the guap, man, the fact is

It takes practice

[Chorus: Iverson sample variations]

[Verse 2: J-Live]

I heard it's better to be lucky than good

Well, in my case I guess I'm lucky I'm good

I heard if not for bad luck, J would have no luck at all

To which my reply is, "F*** all of y'all"

I've been passed up, gassed up, bounced around, man

Thrown off the glass just to see what sticks

I have yet to score big like Allen Iverson

Maybe someday J could endorse a pair of kicks

But for now long as I can afford a pair of kicks

And a closet to put em in, Ima put em on

And walk these dogs, get my hustle on
Break bread for my younguns so they grow up strong
That's why the flow grow after each and every show
And year after year bring song after song
I heard amateurs keep doin it til they get it right
But pros do it so much, we can't get a bone

[Chorus: Iverson sample variations]

[Verse 3: J-Live]

I heard some old colloquialism
Statin that if you love what you do for a livin
You never work a day in your life—yeah right
But I know what they mean, some jobs'll trap you like prison
But if you hatin me, cuz all you do is process and foul
Jealous cuz I get to make beats, spin and freestyle
As if I haven't had to work in a while
Like I ain't sheddin blood, sweat, tears, stomach acid and bile
Like my workload isn't unbelievable:
CEO, COO, accounts payable
And receivable; chief marketeer and manager
Sales rep, tour van driver, baggage handler
Shiiit, like I ain't tryin to outsource and delegate
How else you think I'll ever upgrade and elevate?
But at this point in time, I got two options:
Get it done right myself or get relegated
Back to a spot where I do it for fun
In my spare time—on but wait, I won't have none
So don't come at me bout that get a real jobby job
We gonna have a problem, see, this ain't a hobby
This is practice

[Chorus: Iverson sample]